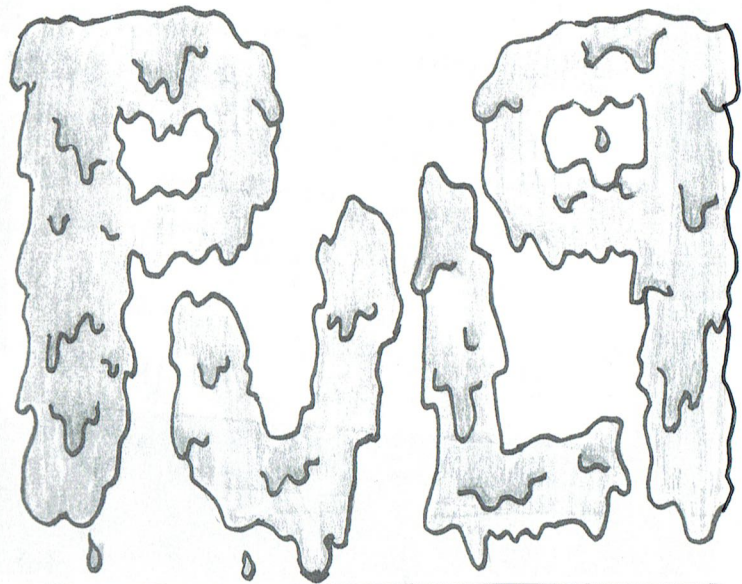




# HEART

VOL. 3



# BLOOD

Heart Pulp seems to be an  
ever evolving and changing  
project - much like me.

Once again - this issue is v different  
from #2 & #1.

This issue is about sadness  
and relationships & feeling  
heavy. It's about mental illness  
and feeling broken. Read in a  
safe space if you need to. ♥

As always, thanks for reading!  
XO MACK XO

## • DECEMBER •

Life has been balloons and bottle rockets  
and staying up too late with friends  
Hearing loud bouts of laughter through the vent  
in my wall. Sharing important and meaningful  
things with one another.

It has been loud, thrashing pitches crawling  
through my ear canals and out of dark  
corners in rooms full of people.

Standing out in the snow, boots wet with  
melted flakes, cheeks rosy with smiles and  
the cold kiss of the wind.

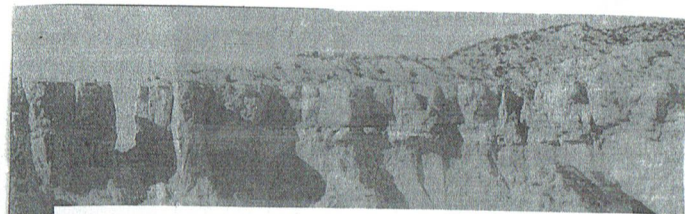
Life has been projects. Working on something  
new at the living room table of our sister  
pink house with my favorite people and  
new friends. Sitting at that table putting  
heads together for summer projects. Giggling

over sparkling water and pomegranates.  
Learning to play guitar and Waxahatchee  
on repeat. Making mistakes. Playing bass.  
Singing loudly in basements.

It's been cruches & feeling lonely when  
I am lying awake in my room at  
night. Trying not to be bitter. Trying not to  
run away. Wanting affectionate touch, but  
being afraid to let it happen. Unfulfilled  
cruches, that leave me feeling tired.

Telling people I'm proud of them. Being  
proud of them. Being proud of myself.  
Doing my best. Taking care of myself.  
Taking care of my friends. Listening to what  
my body and mind tells me I need.  
Honoring that.

(see)



④

I saw tears in your eyes once.

We were driving back from North Carolina.  
Vacation with my parents.

It was dark in the car and Good Old War's  
"Amazing Eyes" came on.

Everything about you changed, as your shoulders  
shook in the darkness in the passenger-  
seat.

You asked me to change the song.

I knew why.

When everything was ending, I cried  
in front of you four times.

Once - in the kitchen, after you threw  
a plate, before I walked silently out  
the backdoor and down the street, tears  
clampening my hands.

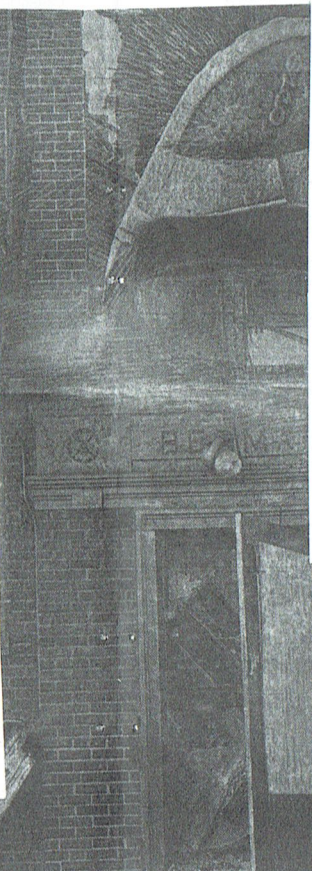
Once - laying in my bed, while you  
sat next to me and shrugged.

Once - standing in the hallway outside  
our rooms, my head down, your voice  
silent.

And once more in your bedroom, when  
I knew it was for good and everything  
had to change.

Then - when I moved out - before we  
stopped talking, I couldn't touch you  
without ~~seeing~~ little diamonds falling from  
the corners of my eyes. Two times.

It feels like I was always falling  
apart around you.



Like all of the ways that I am/was  
sick are ways that I am broken  
and you never knew what to do to  
fix me. So you got frustrated and  
saw me as a problem that needed  
fixing or you left me in the deep  
end to drown, while you looked at  
me and shrugged and said, "I  
can't reach the life preserver."  
But you were too lazy to try  
to go get it. And I still don't  
know what any of this means.

I've stopped seeing these things as something that I need to find a solution and a fix for, and, instead, have accepted them as a part of who I am and now I function right now. And I have been learning

I'm not  
BROKEN.

I'm not  
BROKEN.

I'm not  
BROKEN.

I'm not  
BROKEN.

ways to care for my self when they happen. And how to ask for support from others.

[seven]

Some days, I wake up sad.

Endlessly frustrated by the fact that, despite positive self talk and dedication to a positive mental attitude, it seeps in at night while I sleep and fills my empty spaces.

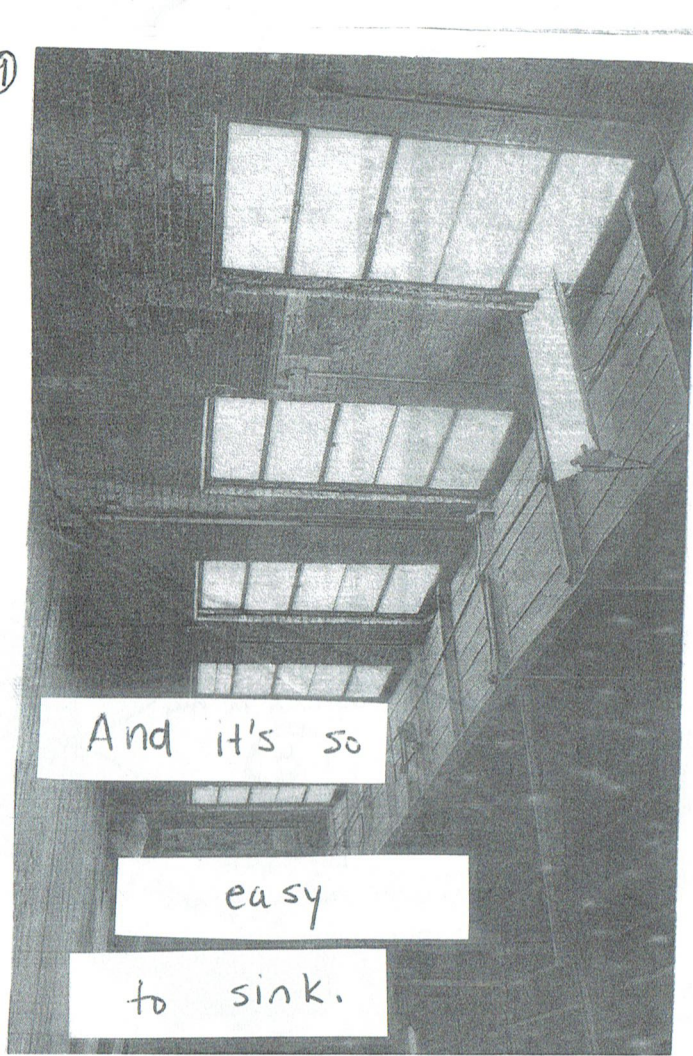
I carry a furrow in my brow, unconsciously. I can't concentrate at work.

Carrying sadness that has no logic. That doesn't make sense. That can't be neatly compartmentalized and stored away, like everything in my bedroom.

Sometimes it feels like there's an ocean in my chest. Deep and blue; sometimes still, always capable of raging storms.

[eight]

1



And it's so

easy

to sink.

10

2



It's strange for me to look back  
a whole year and see such a different  
person staring back at me. Someone  
who was unhappy, who had trouble stand-  
ing on their own two feet, and who harbored  
such intense self-hatred. This year

has been a year of change - mostly for the best  
and, at times, challenging  
A year of great  
Firsts, a year  
it till ya make  
mostly of wonderful  
recovery and self care and  
I really am and who I want  
graduated from college, made  
eating disorder recovery (It will  
since it began in Feb.), I

0

1

learning about who  
to be. This year, I  
huge strides in my  
officially be a year  
was in my first

polyamorous partnership and lived with  
partner (another first), "came out" as trans\*  
queer to friends, family, and my workplace,  
into the Legion, legally changed my name, went  
world champs with my derby team, am in  
booked my 1st show, and finally started to  
like I belong

3

the  
and  
moved  
to  
but  
feel  
some

MAXWELL  
(MACK Attack)  
12/2013